



THE CHURCH BILL AND DOWNFALL OF BRIGERY

COMPOS'D BY W. BENNET Air Bundle and go

You Sons of the Shamrock attend to my ditty,
Unto those few verses that I have wrote down,
Concerning the changes took place in our City,
For which many bigots will grumble an growl,
The poor-house recruits they are now done over,
For their bittery doing prov'd their overthrow,
Nemore those vise traitors can ever deceive us,
For now to their greif they must Bungle and go,

Now the high Church you see that has long kept us down
Its from her high station she has got a fall,
For Glad-tone und bright they did nob y fight !
And all her great honours has gone to the wall,
For three-hud red years she kept us in bondage,
And many bright thousands we paid her to our woe,
But now its all over poor Pat is in clover,
And the C urch o Eng land may bungle & go,

Now Saint Columkill profecied with good will,
He told us in Ireland we would suffer sore,
By Church-rates & tithes our Sons they would drive
Far away from their friends & their native shore
To the Amerieau land our tradesmen are gone
For want & operession forced them far to fly
For it is well known both abroad & at home,
For the sake of green Erin they'd willingly die,

The Catholick faith in our Isleland was planted,
It was in the fifth century as wa unders:t:d,
By Saint Patrick our patron & Saint of our Isleland,
And has since been held secret by each true Irishman
No Saddlers or Preachers no New Lights or Quakers
No Jumpers or Brnswickers that would be our fee,
But the rich and the poor the great the small,
To the one place of worship together did go,

Now there was King Harry many wives he did marry,
He founded the Church and he call'd it diverse,
But our Alters he plund-r'd & o'er Chappells unnumber'd
And then with the body he caused her to shine,
But things they are set'd in this land of green Erin,
Nomore for our Creek we'll be knock'd threng & low,
For we'll soon see the day that each man he must pay,
To support her own Church or else bundle & go,

No more th' g^t be house will be seen in its splendor,
With drivers & Proters & their cruel band,
Our Army nomore with our Poiser will be marching
Across our green mountains our valleys & lands,
The Tithes to enforce that pest of old Erin,
That often caused poor Paddy's blood for to flow,
But Gladstone & Bright & each Irishman's right,
Will make all those tyrants to bungle.

So now to conclude these few vers-s I'll end,
Be loyal & true & our Country defend
No place hunting tyrants in our land shall be seen,
But our Lords & our Companions in sweet College-green
Then trade and commerce will revist our shore,
And we'll be a gay as we were before,
And then our happy Sons and fair Daughters also,
To home to green bays they'll t'ndle and go,